The Spotless Mind

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The Spotless Mind

by Sweaty_dogman

Summary

“Do I know you?” Will asked, resting his chin on the back of his seat, fluttering his long lashes slowly. “I think I know you.”

“I don’t think so?” Hannibal replied, voice thickly accented. The younger man chuckled, his eyes creasing into half moons as he nodded. It was clear Hannibal was an outsider, much like himself.

Dejavu is something we all experience, at least once or twice in our lives. A phenomenon not so easily explained. A trick of the mind. A glitch. Perhaps, in this case, it’s much more easily explained.

Notes

Hello!!! Feels good to be writing again. This one is inspired by my favourite movie ever! ‘Eternal Sunshine of The Spotless Mind’!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter One

Hannibal sighed, kicking the sheets off with his feet. Mornings usually started this way; laying in bed until the sun rose and the sound of birds chirping became loud enough to make him smile. Moving to America was hard. A long and unforgiving process, one which Hannibal wished he would never have to do again.

His alarm pulled him from his thoughts, finally tugging himself from the mattress to get dressed. He pulled on a pair of slacks, a turtleneck and thick jumper. Had his mother given this to him? Hannibal couldn't remember. He couldn't remember much of his life back home. Mischa. Mother. Father. Aunt. Tiny details that all blurred into one big lump of memory. Pain.

Hannibal headed out of his apartment, letting out a grunt of frustration when he saw the large scrape on the side of his car. His neighbours were utterly careless and took no notice of the world around them. Nigel left. His cigarette butts all over the ground and the blonde that lived downstairs fed the stray cats and dogs so much that Hannibal could hear them pottering around during the night. He didn't mind the presence of one white cat, but the others he had no interest in.

The 8:30 train usually arrived late, giving Hannibal enough time to think about what he wanted to do that day. February. February 14th. Before moving to the U.S Hannibal hadn't exactly understood the reasoning behind Valentine's Day. Why have one day just for being in love? Was every day not good enough to share love? The idea completely baffled him.

That day, Hannibal decided that work was not an option. He smiled meekly, running up the stairs to get to the other platform. The train doors were closing. The alarms beeping, letting Hannibal know that this was now or never. Baltimore could wait. Work could wait. Life. Could wait. Hannibal sighed, settling on the cold leather seats, watching out the window, eyes half lidded.

The train ride wasn't long; about twenty minutes. Hannibal allowed others to get off before him, stepping onto the snowy platform with a satisfying *crunch* . He had always loved snow. The way it looked as it fell from the sky, settling on the ground in a sweet, innocent blanket of sorts. It always made the man smile. Hannibal slid his hand into his. Pocket, the other clutching onto a batter leather briefcase, containing his sketchbook and pens.

Hannibal took himself to the beach, keeping his shoes and socks on. He hated sand on his feet. *He never quite understood sand. It was…overrated.* The walk on the beach was short lived, finding himself sat on the stairs to a beach house. Had he been there before? A familiar scent seemed to linger. A familiar warmth that he couldn't quite put his finger on.

"Strange." Hannibal mumbled, getting to his feet. He could feel the stiffness in his knees, bones glueing together from the cold. He needed a coffee.

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Will pushed open the door to the cafe, enjoying the warm gush of air that warmed his cheeks and neck, leaving his nose cold and blushed. He had classes that day, but his mind had been somewhere else all morning. School seemed so far away, so distant. The spare change in his pocket had promised the blooming man a trip to the city of bliss. To somewhere where no one knew him. To somewhere where nothing mattered and everything made sense.

He took a seat in an empty booth, smiling sweetly at the waitress when she came to serve him.

"Just a cup of coffee, thank you." Will hummed, southern twang sticking to his words. "And some sugar sachets, please." The waitress nodded, drifting off to fetch a mug of steaming coffee for the young man. Something to warm his stomach and soul.

The cup moved from the bench and down to the seat, taking up the space next to him. Hannibal smiled to himself, watching as whiskey trickled into the beige mug, bound to warm the sweet thing even more. For the past hour, Hannibal had been drawing the scenery, but now, he was drawing the scene directly in front of him. The stranger was younger than Hannibal, maybe ten years younger. Hannibal couldn't tell. He was beautiful; curls falling into his cold-flushed face, lashes almost kissing the peak of his cheekbones. Glasses sat, perched on the tip of his nose, unbothered about pushing them back up to their respective place.

He wore more layers than Hannibal, his hands covered with homemade gloves, tattered slightly from being loved so well. Hannibal could see a turtleneck buried under a homemade

jumper, reasoning that the boy would also be wearing a vest under it all. The hat and earmuffs made Hannibal smile even more, imagining what his ears must look like under both of them. Hannibal made sure to draw them first, framing his dark curls and pink face.

Then, Will smiled. He smiled at Hannibal, tossing his hand up in a small wave. Hannibal flushed, eyes darting back down to his sketchbook. How long had he been staring for? Did the stranger know what Hannibal was doing? How he had instantly fallen in love with the boy in the booth? Hannibal wished love didn't come so easy to him. He wished that he hadn't just imagined his whole life with a man he didn't even know. Dating. Marriage, a family. How could he have a life with someone when he could hardly bear to look at an attractive man for more than a few seconds.

Will pulled on an orange hoodie, glad he'd gotten one three sizes too big, allowing comfortability for all of his layers.

Hannibal blinked, closing his sketchbook, placing money on the table. This was it. This was the last time he would see the stranger ever again. He walked past, eyes glued to his shoes. Will would never know him. Hannibal would never know Will.

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The 6:00pm train came early, saving Hannibal the torture of being cold for very much longer. He took a seat once again, pulling up his sketchbook to reconvene with his drawing of the fresh faced stranger. Hannibal sighed, looking up for a moment. And, much to his surprise, a flash of orange had caught his eyes. The same orange sweatshirt from the beach cafe. The same beanie hat and old earmuffs.

Will could feel eyes on him. It felt comforting, almost. As if someone were looking over him. Looking out for him. Keeping him safe and secure. It was…friendly. Will recognised it. He turned around and a sheepish grin spread over his face. Those eyes. They were soft and warm; a shade of brown that Will was so sure that he could swim in and his body would never get sore. His face was framed with ashen coloured hair, falling into his slightly tanned face with effortless beauty. The man was slightly older - not quite thirty, but not quite Will's age. However, he didn't look old…but there was something about him that Will found interesting.

It was clear the older man had no intention of sparking conversation. Will could sense his shyness.

“Do I know you?” Will asked, resting his chin on the back of his seat, fluttering his long lashes slowly. “I think I know you.”

Before Hannibal could say much more, Will had simply plopped himself down in the seat in front of Hannibal, bag sat on his lap. Hannibal shook his head, lips twitching into an awkward smile. Before and after moving to the U.S Hannibal had been selectively mute. He didn’t speak to anyone else unless he had to. He answered most things with a nod or shake of his head, avoiding conversation for so long his body had swallowed his voice and buried it deep into his stomach.

“I don’t think so?” Hannibal replied, voice thickly accented. The younger man chuckled, his eyes creasing into half moons as he nodded. It was clear Hannibal was an outsider, much like himself.

“No! I definitely know you!” Will leant forward, elbows resting on the seat once again, much closer now. This new closeness allowed for Hannibal to get a better look at the boy. Now, he could see the stripe of electric blue in the stranger's hair. How had he missed it? It was beautiful, complimenting his blue eyes perfectly. “I never forget a face!”

Hannibal sighed, looking at his sketchbook, abandoning the diary entry he was writing. “If you say so.”

Will’s smile faltered. Although Hannibal had not meant it, his delivery was flat and rude. Will blinked, eyes narrow. “Are you calling me a liar?”

“What?” Hannibal looked back up, brows knitting together. “I didn’t say that…I…I’m sorry.”

“Fine. I probably saw you in some bookstore.”

“Okay.”

Will flopped back down, back rested against the window. He sighed, sitting back up. “Hey,” Hannibal looked back up, brow raised, slightly intimidated. “I’m sorry. I struggle understanding what people really mean.”

“It’s okay.” Hannibal nodded, closing his book. The boy before him was brash. He was eccentric and bright, but Hannibal could sense there was another side to him. A side reserved for being truly alone. A side only Will saw. Hannibal wanted to see it too.

“I’m Will.” A hand was extended out, dainty and soft. “Not William, or Wilbur or Willima. Just Will.”

“I’m Hannibal Lecter.”

“ *Hannibal.* I like it.” Will smiled, squeezing the man's hand. He held on a moment longer, a little longer than one might when meeting someone for the first time. Will eventually let go, hands still draped over the seat as he watched Hannibal, eyes glued to him like a hawk. Perhaps, he should’ve asked to sit next to the older man, to share the small booth with him. To breathe the same air. To share the same seconds.

Hannibal looked next to him, taking a deep yet subtle breath, inhaling the man’s scent. He found Will to smell like vanilla, nothing expensive - something plucked off a drugstore shelf that cost no more than a few dollars, no more than the change in Will’s pocket. It mixed with the faint scent of cigarettes - perhaps he had smoked one that morning? Hannibal could also smell the mixture of whiskey and coffee. Hannibal couldn’t help but wonder what that tasted like; he was more of a wine man himself. He liked expensive things and wine was one of them.

“What are you do-“ Will opened his mouth to ask something, quickly cut off.

“I’m writing something, if you don’t mind.” Hannibal hummed, clutching his sketchbook. Conversation could be avoidable, if Hannibal tried hard enough.

Will blinked once more, looking down at the man’s large hands against the leather of his book. Attractive. “Where are you headed too?” He asked, eyes darting back up to Hannibal’s dark set. Hannibal’s eye roll didn't go unnoticed; the man would’ve groaned if it wasn’t so rude.

“Baltimore.” A slap was delivered to Hannibal’s arm as Will let out a shocked chuckle.

“Get out! Me too!” Will smiled, resting his head against the other's shoulder. Hannibal could feel his body stiffen, tightening as Will invaded his space. It had been a long time since anyone had touched him. Of course people had bumped into him, or brushed against him as they walked on by, but not like Will. Will pressed against him, mingling their scent together as the train bumped and rattled.

Hannibal simply offered a tight smile. The younger man eventually got the message, moving back to his seat with a quiet huff. Will simply couldn’t understand. He was attractive and more interesting than any stupid sketchbook or writing. Why didn’t Hannibal want to talk to him? The older man was missing out and Will knew that.

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Soon, the train reached its final stop, slowing to a halt before the automatic doors sounded their alarms. Will got to his feet, moving with the small crowds of people to get off of the train, swept up by the cold air once again. However, it wasn’t quite as cold as the beach air. Will missed it. He missed the coffee shop and the sand. Perhaps he would go again.

“Hey!” Will yelled, having spotted Hannibal out of the corner of his eyes. Hannibal had waited an extra ten seconds to avoid the exact situation unravelling before him. He sighed, throwing up a wave in response.

The conversation didn’t extend further. Hannibal returned to his damaged car, running his cold fingers over the equally cold metal. They didn’t even leave a note under his windscreen

wipers. The car was just as cold as the outside, offering Hannibal little comfort as he pulled out of the long-stay parking lot. *Seven dollars, for what?* Hannibal began the drive home, smiling privately as rain began to hit the windows and a flash of orange caught his eye. First, he considered it. The boy looked to be soaking and he didn't want wet seats. Then, he was shouting out the window.

"Hey!" Hannibal yelled, head poking out the car window. "Need a ride?"

Will looked up and smiled, simply making his way over to the car before jumping in. His face glistened, damp and flushed from the rain; the weather was never truly predictable in Baltimore. Curls had matted to his forehead, a streak of blue water running down his cheek due to slightly unfaithful hair dye. It happened often. Will didn't mind. Neither did Hannibal.

"You ignored me at the station." Will stated, looking over at the driver. The warm hue from the street lights illuminated Will's face, casting orange and yellow shadows across him.

"I know. I did it on purpose." The confession came after a few moments of polite silence. "I don't have many friends. I have a few…but they are quiet, like myself."

Will imagined them. Perhaps he had three or four friends. Maybe less. They were quiet like Hannibal and dressed very casually…boring, as Will would say. They would like reading and playing board games. They would like quiet restaurants and coffee shops. They would be quiet lovers and romantics, much like Will imagined Hannibal to be.

"Stop here…this is my apartment."

"Okay."

"Thank you," Will jumped out of the car, grabbing his bag from the footwell. The car started up again and Hannibal was about to move away, flinching when the boy slammed his hand on the window. "Call me! I'm in the yellow pages! Will Graham!" He waved, laughing before running up the cement stairs and into his apartment building.

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The smile on Will's face hurt. It spread to his ears and warmed him all the way to his toes. He threw his bag onto the ground, using the tips of his toes to force his shoes off, kicking them onto the carpet. Next, his wet jumper hit the ground. He'd dry it later.

His apartment was much smaller than Hannibal's, containing a collection of decorations, blankets and candles. Will lit a few, moving to change into a fresh set of pyjamas and a dry pair of socks. Getting caught in the rain was always fun, that was until the rain stopped and the soggy cold became inevitable. Will wouldn't mind if every rainfall was met with a ride home from Hannibal. God, even the man's car smelt good. It smelt mostly like Hannibal; rich and earthy with a delicious scent of pine. Something you would want to eat, but knew it probably wouldn't be as delicious as imagined. It also smelt like leather polish, a sign that Hannibal looked after his car - despite the rather large scratch Will had seen on the drivers side. Hannibal didn't strike him as clumsy or reckless.

Having changed, Will grabbed the collection of take-out flyers from his kitchen drawer, sitting down to rake through them and decide what one he would indulge in that night. Indian. No. Korean. No. Pizza. Maybe. Chinese. Yes! Will settled with a blanket and a drink, turning on the TV before digging into his meal. Perhaps, he should've invited Hannibal over for something to eat and drink.

Perhaps they'd be cuddling by now, Will perched in the handsome stranger's lap. Though, they weren't exactly strangers now. Will wasn't sure they were even strangers to begin with, having sworn he knew Hannibal from something or somewhere. He was sure of it.

He hoped Hannibal enjoyed horror and thriller films; Will couldn't stand romances. He hoped that, if the man called him, they'd be snuggling under blankets or a duvet in no time, sitting in their underwear or less. Perhaps Hannibal would have his arms around Will, pulling the boy to his hairy chest.

Will sighed, placing his plate in the sink before pottering off to his bed, crawling under the sheets. It wasn't exactly late, but the adventures of that day had worn him out. Before falling asleep, Will made sure his home phone was switched on in case Hannibal were to call.

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It took Hannibal an extra thirty minutes to return home, having stopped off at the grocery store for dinner. He didn't enjoy take-out.

He grabbed the paper grocery bags before heading inside, kicking open the door to his apartment building with his foot. A streak of white filled his vision and suddenly his favourite stray was wrapped around his ankles, tail straight up as she purred. Molly had taken it upon herself to put cardboard boxes and blankets under the stairs to act as beds, making little beds for the dogs and cats when the weather became particularly harsh. Hannibal didn't mind, but he wouldn't tell Molly that. He reached down, giving the white kitty a scratch behind her ear.

"Hannibal!" A man's voice came from behind him, followed by the smell of cigarettes.

"Nigel…"

"You're fucking wet." He patted Hannibal on the arm as he moved to check his mail box. Nigel was the same height as Hannibal, but much rougher around the edges. He smoked and drank whiskey and had a lot of guests over. He had a boyfriend - his name was Adam and was truly the opposite of Nigel, except in the bedroom. The walls were very thin.

Hannibal huffed, standing back up fully. "It was raining, Nigel. Is Adam coming over tonight?" He asked, genuinely curious. Adam was something of a spaceman, from what Hannibal had been told.

Nigel chuckled, sorting through his letters with a little smile. "Yeah. He's upstairs waitin' for me. Fuckin' star….How's your piece?"

"My what?"

"Don't worry." Nigel patted his back once more before heading up the stairs and into his own apartment. He had sworn Hannibal had someone at his apartment recently?

Hannibal blinked, watching as Nigel made his way up the stairs, the sound of his denim jeans rubbing together echoing in the hall. By now, the white kitty had made her way back under the stairs and into the little bed she had made herself. Hannibal wouldn't disturb her, but he made sure to leave a can of tuna especially for her.

He headed up the stairs into his apartment, removing his coat and shoes before padding into the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Although it was faint, he could still smell Wills scent on his shoulder. It was much fresher in the car, but the rain had been far more than unforgiving. Hannibal wondered if Will wore a lipgloss in the same scent of light vanilla. He wondered if it would taste as good as Will smelt. Probably.

"Yellow pages…" Hannibal mumbled as he sat on the sofa, a bowl of fragrant, freshly made Chinese food sat in his lap. He reached over, grabbing a large yellow book from a small table. *Yellow Pages* .

There were a lot of names that began with W and carried a last name starting with G. Luckily, there was only one Will Graham in the thinly papered book that smelt of burning ink and was obnoxiously bright. He left the book next to his home phone, settling against the sofa to enjoy his dinner and warm up after his day out. Tomorrow, he had to go to work.

Even though the pair shared different bodies and brains, they seemed to share the same thoughts of intimacy. Hannibal closed his eyes between bites, allowing himself a moment to imagine exactly what Will had imagined before plodding off to bed. He carried on those thoughts, imagining having pulled out the sofa bed, holding Will against him as the rain continued to pour.

Perhaps, he should've invited Will to come over. Offer him clean and warm clothes, a warm meal and something nice to drink. Though, he expected that Will preferred cocktails or hard alcohol. They didn't have to kiss. Hannibal would simply be happy holding Will in his arms.

A full belly and a quick change into warm clothes left Hannibal feeling much better. He still hasn't heard Adam or Nigel, meaning he was likely in for a quiet night - which he was *very*

thankful for. Hannibal paced slightly, anxiety bubbling in his stomach as he sat down and reached for the neon yellow book.

He grabbed his phone and pressed the appropriate numbers, pressing it to his ear, waiting.

The phone line *clicked.*

Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

- can’t stress enough Will has a pussy.

Sorry I got a little carried away this chapter! Totally didn’t mean to make it over 6k words but…I hope it’s enjoyable! I can’t wait to write more 💖

“I was beginning to think I’d never hear from you,” Will’s voice flooded through Hannibal’s phone, warming him ever so slightly. “I was just about to sleep.”

Hannibal frowned to himself, worried he’d interrupted the young man’s evening routine. He took a deep breath, swallowing. “My apologies…I didn’t want to leave it until tomorrow. However, if you’re re-.” He was cut off by a soft chuckle.

“Don’t apologise. I’m glad you called.”

“Oh.” His frown melted into a small smile, heart rate slowing just a little. Will was being…playful, so it seemed. “I was wondering…maybe you might like to go out tomorrow evening. With me.” Who else would he go with? Hannibal wanted to slap himself for over complicating what he wanted to say. Why was everything such a challenge for him?

The line went quiet for a moment, the sound of soft breaths being the only noise available to Hannibal. The only thing that let him know Will was still there. The younger man’s cheeks went red, colour flushing down his neck to the softness of his chest. Thank *god* Hannibal couldn’t see him. The invention of the telephone was quite marvellous. Will cleared his throat, nodding…quick to remember Hannibal could not see him. “Yeah…I’d like that. Why don’t we go for sushi. Do you like sushi?” He hummed, his feet twisting in the sheets, body tingling with excitement.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.”

“See you at seven, Will.”

“See you at seven.”

Hannibal stayed a moment longer, listening to see if Will would want to say anything else before quickly putting the phone down. Seven. Sushi at seven with a man he hardly knew and had only just met. Will didn’t look much like a murderer, so perhaps he was safe. He put the phone back on its stand before getting up, stretching a little, a broad smile set on his tired face.

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The soft *click* of the phone being put down made Will smile a little. Sure, the call was short and left much to be desired, but Will couldn’t complain. He’d called. Hannibal had actually called him. Will hadn’t given much incentive and the man hardly knew him. Perhaps the universe was looking out for him, for once.

“Shit…what do I wear?” Will mumbled to himself, jumping out of bed to quickly look through his closet. He threw a few articles of clothing out, not caring as to where they landed. Since when did he have so many clothes? Did he really buy *that?* “Fuckin’ aye…” he sighed, looking between his bed and closet. The mission could be tackled the next morning. He wanted to look nice. He wanted Hannibal to want him.

Will sighed and grabbed his cellphone, crawling back into the safety of his multiple blankets. He typed out text to his friend, Beverly. She always knew what to do, wear and say.

WG: *Cocktails at mine tomorrow? Need help. Major SOS*

BK: *Sure (: I’ll come @ 3*

With that, Will smiled, tossing his phone somewhere else before rolling onto his side, clutching onto a pillow. Sushi at seven. He couldn't wait.

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Morning came and went for Will, the early afternoon sun greeting him as he rose from his mass of bedsheets. He rubbed his eyes, groggily reaching for his glasses. Had he really slept that long? Will huffed to himself, making his way into the bathroom for a much needed shower, cleaning himself with sweet smelling soaps and shampoos. If he was going to get lucky that night…he at least wanted to smell good.

It had been a while since Will had sex, let alone gone on a date. He hoped Hannibal enjoyed the activity as much as he did, and was good at it. Will had spent too much time on men that didn't know what they were doing…and didn't have any desire to learn the rights and wrongs of his body. *Men.* He huffed to himself at the thought, smiling into the mirror at a clean set of teeth and freshly washed face.

Suddenly, as if time had completely disappeared, Beverly was letting herself into the apartment with her spare key.

"Graham!" The soft jingle of her keys hitting the hallways table made Will smile, his face lighting up with glee. They hadn't seen each other for a few days, but that was enough for them both to be excited.

"Bev!" He beamed, pulling on a soft robe before going to greet her in the hallway, quickly becoming a tangle of arms and happy giggles. Beverly had been his friend for a long time. They had terrorised the high school halls together, spent countless nights in clubs when they were *much* too young to be drinking. The pair were trouble, but knew each other better than anyone else. When Will's mother lost her battle, Beverly was there. When Beverly's parents disowned her, Will was there to pick up the pieces.

The young woman pulled away to grab Wills hand, leading him into the kitchen to make cocktails - as promised. "So…What's the major *SOS* ?" She hummed, comfortably raiding Will's cupboards for nice glasses whilst Will grabbed some ice.

“I have a date tonight.” He smiled, now grabbing the alcohol.

“Shut up!” Beverly laughed, shaking her head. “That’s great!”

“Don’t sound too shocked, Bev! I know it’s been a while.” He chuckled as the pair made their way into the living room, taking a seat on the sofa and bean bag, Will’s feet pressed into the soft carpet.

She sipped her drink, the cheap vodka warming her throat and chest nicely. “I’m not shocked…Who is this mystery guy?” She raised a brow, sitting on the edge of the sofa, eager to listen.

Will relaxed into the softness of his beanbag, smiling to himself. “We met yesterday on the train. He’s a little quiet…but that’s okay. He drove me home once we got back…it was raining real bad,” he began, unable to stop himself from smiling like an absolute idiot. “I told him to call me, which he did. We are going out for sushi tonight and I’m desperate for something to wear.”

“Mm.” she took another sip of her drink, listening. Will always had an exciting life, meeting a man on the train wasn’t shocking to Beverly. “Well then, show me what you got! What time are you going out?”

Will’s smile widened as Beverly got to her feet, clearly eager and happy to help the young man get ready for his date. *Why was he worried?* “It’s at seven. He’s picking me up.” He hummed, getting up to stand, leading Beverly into his messied bedroom. *He should’ve cleaned.*

“Right, seven.” Bev set her glass down, opening Will's closet doors once again. Who needed this many clothes? She grabbed a few T-shirts and dresses, looking between them. “Are we feeling dresses or T-shirts? I think you’ll be safe from rain…but it’s gonna be cold tonight.”

“Hmm…T-shirts would be safer. I don’t have to worry about shaving my legs then.” He laughed, taking a seat on his bed. “I think I’ll pin my hair back a little…it’s getting long.”

“Good idea. Do your hair now, then you aren’t running around later.” She smiled, nodding towards Will’s crowded vanity. The young man nodded in agreement, moving to sit on the small seat, brushing his hair. “I think jeans would be best…do you still have those black ones I gave you?”

“The vintage ones? Yeah…they’re on the shelf in my closet.” Will mumbled, using his scattered collection of Bobby pins to pin back the unruly curls that made up his fringe. The strip of blue still stood out against his dark curls and pale skin, the stray pieces no longer hiding his face…but instead framing it. His thin brows and long lashes were better on display as he patted soft blush onto his cheeks.

Beverly grabbed them from the pile of jeans, laying them out on the bed with a few choices of T-shirts. A blue and red one, a black one or a white one. She moved to stand behind Will, running her fingers through his hair, tidying it a little.

“You’ll text me if you go back to his, yeah?” She raised a brow, protectiveness creeping into her voice. Beverly had never met this man, but she trusted Will’s judgement enough. “So I know you’re okay. I’d be super pissed off if this train guy murdered you.”

The pair laughed, Will’s hands shaking up to gently hold Beverly’s. Even if she was supportive and just as much trouble as Will, she still worried. Will did the same for her. “I’ll text you, don’t worry…I’d put up a good fight, too.” He winked, standing up to grab his clothes and try them on.

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Work had dragged that day for Hannibal. He had woken up, gotten dressed and headed straight to work. The hours seemed to pass slow and steady, as if someone had replaced all the batteries in all of the clocks that existed, slowing them down painfully slow. That evening seemed so far away as the minutes ticked past.

Hannibal thought about Will, making up ideas of what the young man was doing with his day. He imagined Will bathing, pampering himself before their date. Hannibal imagined Will to be that type of person…to care about how he looked and smelt…how he appealed to those around him. He imagined his soft curls and pale skin. Maybe Will would even wear a little makeup? Hannibal liked the idea.

"Pretty…" he found himself mumbling under his breath, heading to his car after a long day. Hannibal had just over an hour to get ready. Hannibal sighed as he melted into the driver's seat, bringing the engine to life, fingers gripping at the wheel until his knuckles went white.

Everything would be okay , he convinced himself, pulling out of the parking lot to head home. Hannibal headed inside the apartment complex, glad to see that Nigel wasn't there to greet him. He didn't have time. He reached to gently pet the cat wrapping herself around his ankles, deciding he had enough time for one little pet.

"Gotta go…" he whispered before heading up the stairs, unlocking the front door with a relieved sigh. Now, he had less than an hour to get ready.

Hannibal kicked off his shoes and shed his clothes as he hurriedly made his way into the bathroom, turning the shower on. He quickly washed the day from his tired body, brushing his teeth whilst the stream of water fell onto his back. It was gross, but Hannibal didn't have all the time in the world. He spat the toothpaste onto the floor of his shower, watching it splatter with a little sigh. At least it washed away quickly.

He shut the water off before grabbing a towel, thankful that he had already picked out something to wear. Hannibal was a simple guy. He liked nice shirts and trousers, when he could warrant buying them. It wasn't that Hannibal was poor…he was just good with money. Deep down, he was worried he might lose it all again - however, he would bury that down for a different day.

For now, he pulled on a nice pair of jeans and a dark blue button down shirt. Hannibal didn't want to over do it, worried he might make Will uncomfortable if he dressed too formal. He'd never been on a date with someone quite like Will. In fact, he'd never met anyone quite like Will. The boy was almost as electric as the strand of blue in his wild curls. And, although Hannibal had acted rather quiet and coy, he'd enjoyed their…meeting…altercation…on the train. He'd enjoyed the car ride home even more.

Hannibal blinked, looking at himself in the mirror with a small frown. Would Will think he looked good? Or was it too boring? The skirt hugged at his muscles and complimented his frame, but…would Will like that? Maybe he'd like a T-shirt more, or a cozy sweater. *6:43pm.* Hannibal didn't have the time to get changed.

He grabbed his car keys, wallet, coat and scarf, heading out of the door with a soft, anxious huff.

"Hey, Hannibal!" Molly's voice chimed as Hannibal began his descent downstairs. Molly was a lovely girl, even though Hannibal hadn't spoken to her much. She looked after the stray cats and often talked to Nigel and Adam. She was quiet, which Hannibal liked. "Where are you goin?"

"Uh…" Hannibal blinked, a little caught off guard. He'd been in his head until then, running over possible conversations, questions, stories that he could tell to Will. What to do. What not to do. "I'm going to pick someone up…for a date."

Molly's face instantly brightened, her smile flashing neat teeth, blonde hair falling into her face. "Oh! That's great." She reached forward, gently wrapping Hannibal's scarf around his neck, almost cooing at the young man. "It's supposed to snow so stay warm, okay? Have a good time!" It didn't shock Hannibal that Molly had a motherly air about her. After all, she cared for all the lonely animals near their apartment.

"Thanks…thank you.." Hannibal nodded, smiling softly at the woman before rushing out of the door. The car ride wasn't long and Hannibal arrived just in time to collect Will.

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There he was, standing outside. Will had his hair pinned back, the glowing smile he held lit up his face entirely. He wore a blue T-shirt with, from What Hannibal could tell, had two red babies drawn on it. It hugged Will's body in a way that Hannibal couldn't help but appreciate.

He walked to the car with such confidence, waving just a little at Hannibal. The car door opened and Hannibal melted into his seat, the soft smell of Will's perfume soothing his nerves almost entirely.

"Hey," Will smiled, sitting down in the passenger seat.

"Hey." Hannibal replied, eyes glued to Will's blue set. He swallowed, his throat and mouth suddenly very dry. He'd kept hydrated all day. Perhaps it was nerves. Hannibal blinked dumbly, turning his attention back to the wheel. "You look nice."

Will giggled, and oh, that sound made Hannibal's rib cage swell in a way he was sure bones would break. "Thank you, Hannibal. You look nice too. I like your shirt." He reached over, gently fixing an upturned part of the man's sleeve. "And the scarf. Very cute."

Hannibal couldn't exactly tell if it was sarcasm. He wasn't very good at that.

The man simply smiled gently and began to drive, listening to Will's directions to the restaurant he wanted to visit. Thankfully, everywhere looked quiet. Not too many people. Hannibal would prefer it to be just them.

"The best tables are at the back…hidden away." It was almost as if Will had read his mind as he spoke. He took hold of Hannibal's hand once they'd gotten out of the car, leading him inside.

"Oh yeah?" Hannibal replied, trying to sound playful and lighthearted. "I'll hold you to that." He chuckled as they made their way to the back, allowing Will to pick the best booth available. Right in the corner. Away from anyone else. It was perfect.

They ordered a glass of wine each, one white, one red.

The slightly older man's heart jumped when he felt the slight brush of Will's shoed foot against his own. It made his stomach flip and lurch. Did he do it on purpose? Was it flirting?

“Can I…” Will leant forward his delicate fingers wrapping around the neck of Hannibal’s wine glass. “Try some? I don’t usually go for white.” It was definitely flirtatious now if it wasn’t before.

Hannibal smiled, nodding a little. He watched as Will’s slightly glossed lips set themselves around the glass, tipping it back slightly for a little sip. He watched Will’s throat move, working to pull the alcohol down his throat. He watched the soft, subtle shade of pink that was quick to flush the boy's cheeks, the alcohol quick to take effect. Hannibal’s heart continued to race as Will let out a soft, appreciative moan at the taste.

“ *Fruity.”* He giggled, handing Hannibal his glass once again. “You’re so cute, Hannibal…”

That caught him off guard. Definitely.

“I…am?” He chuckled a little, feeling that his own cheeks were turning pink. Hannibal knew he was handsome, deep down. But cute? He didn’t fancy himself as cute.

“Yeah! Look at you…all pink!” And there it was, Will’s southern drawl creeping back into his voice. Hannibal imagined it became more audible with the help of alcohol. It made Hannibal smile even more, opening his mouth to speak before he was interrupted by a server.

Will took liberty of ordering, claiming to know everything that was *worth* eating on the menu. He smiled at the server as she made her way to the kitchen, his attention back on Hannibal.

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“Why were you spending Valentine’s Day alone yesterday?” Will hummed, spearing a roll of sushi with his chopsticks, raising his brows as he brought it to his mouth.

Hannibal blinked, swallowing a slice of fresh salmon. “Uh…I don’t really celebrate. It wasn’t big in my country…I don’t really understand it. All the chocolate and cards…strange.” He hummed, sipping his wine. “You were alone too, you know?”

Will giggled, reaching over to steal a slice of salmon. “Oh, yeah…totally forgot.” He giggled, the corners of his eyes melting into happy half-moons. “I didn’t have someone to spend it with. You know, it ain’t half bad when you have someone to spend it with…has anyone ever bought you flowers or chocolates?”

“No…”

“Interesting.” Will wiggled his thin brows, reaching over to run his fingers along Hannibal’s hand. “You ready to go, mister?” He cooed, looking at Hannibal from under long lashes.

“Yeah…” Hannibal was at a loss, looking dumbly at Will. He stood and placed down money, Will doing the same for an added tip. It was clear Hannibal wouldn’t let him pay, so he tipped instead.

The pair walked out, Hannibal leading the way, seemingly desperate to get outside and have some fresh air on his pink face. He sighed, watching as small specs of snow made their way from the sky. The soft sounds of cars driving past soothed Hannibal, familiarity bringing him back to the present. To Will.

Then, he realised Will wasn’t next to him anymore. He stopped walking, listening to see if the young man was behind him. The sound of shoes hitting concrete made Hannibal smile, a little louder than they might be for a walking pace. Will was…running? Before Hannibal could turn to see, the sounds of giggles flooded his ears and Will launched himself in the air. Hannibal instinctively bent down slightly, allowing Will to wrap his legs around the others middle, holding on for dear life.

Hannibal…was giving him a piggyback. They laughed together. Bright. Happy. Slightly drunken sounds. Hannibal’s eyes slipped closed for a moment as he was transported to a time in his childhood…one where Mischas laughs still ran true and bright for him. She jumped on his back and demanded a piggyback…demanded that Hannibal run as he carried her. Hannibal’s smile widened at that memory, his grip on Will a little firmer, as if he were terrified that Will might slip away.

Then and there, Hannibal felt something spark in his chest. He'd spent a lot of years alone…a lot of time unhappy and afraid. Even when he'd moved to America. He was alone…unhappy. However, in that moment, Hannibal was the happiest he'd been in close to a decade. He spun around with Will on his back, laughing and speckles of snow fell into their hair and clothes.

"Where too?" Hannibal chuckled, shuddering when Will's fingers moved to his hair, enjoying the warmth there.

"Hmmm…" Will giggled, his lips awfully close to the shell of Hannibal's ear. He could feel the hot breath there. Hannibal didn't want it to end. "How far away is your apartment, Hannibal?"

Fuck. Hannibal swallowed. Will wanted to go back to his apartment? Had he cleaned it? Had he made the bed and put all of his books away? *Fuck* .

"Not far." Will dismounted as Hannibal spoke, lacing their fingers together. It was if he could *tell* exactly what Hannibal was thinking at all times. He could tell the man was worried… anxious. "My car's just there…you don't have to come back, Will. I won't mind."

"Hannibal…" Will cooed softly, his hand reaching up to cup the other man's cold cheek. "I wanna come…I wouldn't have asked. Anyways, I wanna make you the best hot chocolate ever." He squeezed the man's hand once again, all but racing over to the car.

Hannibal simply smiled and followed, beginning the drive to his apartment.

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Hannibal parked the car just as the snow began to pick up, thick flakes hitting his windscreen like cotton balls. They looked soft. He led Will inside, automatically greeted by the soft meows of a white cat, swirling around Hannibal's ankles.

“Oh! Who’s this?” Will giggled, bending down to pet the sweet creature. “She’s gorgeous, Hannibal. Is she yours?”

“Uh…no.” Hannibal chuckled, his eyes shining at the way Will bent down and petted the animal. It was as if they’d connected instantly. The cat purred and meowed, butting her head against Will’s hand. “One of the other people here…she looks after them. Her babies, she says.”

Will giggled even more, his whole body crouched to the ground, scooping the cat into his arms. The young man looked up in response to the sound of locks jingling and footsteps. Nigel and Adam stepped out, walking on the scene of Hannibal and an unfamiliar face.

Adam frowned, a little taken back by the new character.

“Hannibal!” Nigel’s voice rang out, making Hannibal’s hair stand up. Not now. Not now. Just walk past. Hannibal couldn’t talk to them now…not when he was already working so hard to make their date go well.

Will stood back up to move out of the way, smiling at the pair. “Sorry! We were just heading upstairs…didn’t mean to disturb you…” he smiled, linking arms with Hannibal, once again sensing his discomfort. “I’m Will. Nice to meet you.”

Nigel smiled and so did Adam, looking Will up and down. It was the first time they’d ever see Hannibal bring anyone home. “Nah, don’t worry…we were just headed out. Nice to meet you.” Nigel spoke, winking at Hannibal as they made their way out of the building.

“I’m sorry about that…” Hannibal sighed as they walked up the stairs. He unlocked the front door, ushering Will inside before following suit. “My neighbours…Nigel can be brash.”

“Don’t be silly.” Will smiled. God. He was so thankful to be in a warm apartment. It looked neat and tidy, well decorated without being too home-y. It could do with a touch of comfort, Will thought. “Nice place,” he turned, their bodies just centimetres apart from one another.

Hannibal looked down at the shorter man, reaching to gently brush a strand of blue hair from his flushed face. Will looked gorgeous. By now the eyeliner he'd worn had smudged a little bit, looking much softer on his sparkling eyes. His cheeks and nose were a sweet red shade, no doubt from the change in temperature.

Was this it? We're they about to kiss? Hannibal's mental preparation was all in vain as Will moved away into the kitchen, opening the cupboards in a confident search for mugs. *Hot chocolate.* Will was making hot chocolate. The man huffed a little as he removed his scarf and jacket, moving to the living room to turn the TV on. He needed the momentary distraction.

Will walked around the kitchen like he owned the place, finding a carton of milk and a stray chocolate bar. *Perfect* . Will heated the milk on the stove, adding the chocolate in to melt and mix. He hummed softly, peering his head around the door to check on Hannibal. Maybe he could get used to it. The romantic bliss that seemed to follow them…despite having known one another for two days. It felt like much longer. Like they had actually, secretly, been friends for years and years and just…forgot.

After searching the cupboards for a while, Will stumbled across a packet of marshmallows. He added them to the steaming mugs before padding back into the living room.

"The best hot chocolate ever." Will handed the red mug to Hannibal, smiling. Their bodies were close once again, scents mingling.

"What makes it the best?" Hannibal asked softly, almost as if he were trying not to spook Will. Like he was a deer. Sensitive and fragile.

Lashes fluttered as Will leant forward a little, noses brushing against one another. "I made it…that's what." He chuckled, pressing their lips together in a gentle, soft kiss. It didn't last long, but God, it completely lit Hannibal up. Will tasted like bubblegum lip gloss and hints of fruity wine. His lips were soft and plush. Hannibal wanted more, but respected Will's choice to pull away and sit on the sofa.

Kissing Hannibal had been a move Will had planned since the beginning of their date. The man seemed nervous, but Will didn't mind. His lips were soft, now coated in the last layer of Will's lipgloss. It looked pretty on him. Hannibal's stubble had tickled the young man's top

lip, making him shudder as he pulled away and sat down. He sipped on the warm drink, pulling his feet up onto the sofa as Hannibal joined him.

"Did you enjoy tonight, Hannibal?" Will asked, his voice softer now that they were alone completely. Only they existed now. Them and no one else. Part of him wanted the validation, but he was mostly just curious to see if Hannibal had truly enjoyed himself or not. It was important to him.

Hannibal nodded a little. Until now, Will hadn't quite noticed that Hannibal had been staring right at him. He clutched onto his mug, the marshmallows melting into a slew of pink and white.

"Everything okay?"

"I want to kiss you again." The older man huffed a little, settling his mug on the coffee table. "Please."

Will's face lit up and his mug moved to meet Hannibal's on the table. "You don't have to announce it. You can ju-" he was quickly cut off by Hannibal - well, by his soft lips. Will moaned in surprise, the doubt catching in his throat before flooding Hannibal's mouth. It was longer than the first, and deeper. Hannibal's hands came up to cup Will's cheeks, the younger man's hands moving up Hannibal's chest slowly.

They kissed slow and sweet until they could no longer breathe, lungs burning from the assault. Will fluttered his lashes, looking unbelievably doe-like as he looked up at the other man. *Fuck.* Hannibal wanted to devour him. Yes, he was a shy man…but that didn't mean he was without desire. Will looked good enough to eat, he couldn't deny that; smiling and blushing on *his* couch.

"You're good at that…" Will whispered as he peppered kisses to the man's jaw and neck, breathing in the scent of his cologne and natural musk. He could get lost in that smell. He'd love to bathe in it…or rub himself all over Hannibal. He couldn't decide which one would be better. Hannibal shuddered, the feeling of Will's pouty lips rushing straight to his head and, shamefully, to his cock. Did everyone get turned on by gentle kisses? Surely they did.

“…So are you…” Hannibal eventually managed, his hands finding their way down to Will’s waist, feeling the bare skin there. He held his composure until he felt a soft suckle on his neck. *God.* Will was giving him a love bite. His soft, hot tongue glided across Hannibal’s skin, licking over the light red mark gently. “Will…”

“Sorry…I can stop.” Will pulled back, brushing his thumb over the other's bottom lip. “We can just watch TV…no kissin’.”

Hannibal shook his head, his grip of Will’s waist firm. Sure. Certain. “I like this,” fingers peeked under the hem of Will’s shirt. “May I…touch a little more?”

Will couldn’t have nodded fast enough, his head going slightly dizzy as Hannibal’s hands breached under his shirt. They were soft but calloused, large and warm against his pale skin. He snaked them up to the softness of Will's chest, leaning in for another kiss. The boy couldn’t help but moan, chest pushing forward as Hannibal’s thumb swiped over his nipple.

Soft kisses soon became deep and passionate, Will moaning lewdly into Hannibal’s mouth. He shifted to sit on the man’s lap, knees planted at either side of Hannibal’s hips.

“You can…take my top off, if you want.” Will whispered, pulling away to catch his breath. Hannibal didn’t need to respond with words, his actions were enough.

Will felt a little exposed, for the first time ever. He’d been shirtless around other men before, showing off his sweetly soft chest with pride…but, it felt different with Hannibal. He wanted to cover himself up, but to also push his chest forward and demand Hannibal touch him. It was strange…new, in a way. He breathed, blushing darker.

“Will…you look…beautiful.” Hannibal blinked, taking mental images of the scene in front of him. He’d draw it when Will went home. He lent forward, tongue shooting out to gently lick over hard nipples, taking one into his mouth. Will moaned, his back arching at the feeling.

“A-Ah…” he rolled his hips, letting out another soft moan when he felt Hannibal’s cock through his jeans. It was hard as ever…and from what Will could tell, quite large. Will rolled

his hips again, pulling a groan from Hannibal's busy lips. He was kissing and licking all over Will's torso, living a few love bites in his wake.

Throughout his whole time in America, Hannibal had never gotten off with anyone. He'd stayed back when work colleagues invited him out, or when women made advances on him…and, God, he was so thankful now. His cock throbbed in his jeans, dribbles of precome already leaking out. He was sure he'd never been so *fucking* turned on in his whole life. Will was completely wrecking him…and they were simply heavy petting.

"Let me blow you." The words were breathed between a kiss, Will's voice soft and alluring. Hannibal looked at him, almost as if to ask ' *are you sure?'* Will was more than sure. He wanted to see what was under those jeans…waiting for him.

He wriggled from his spot on the man's sofa, kneeling between his legs. *Oh.* What a pretty sight. Hannibal could've come from just that; Will on his knees, excitedly undoing Hannibal's belt and jeans. He whimpered at the outline of Hannibal's cock in his underwear, a dark patch of wetness blooming there. Will hooked his fingers under the fabric and pulled them down, unable to hide his shock at the size of Hannibal.

" *Fuck."* He whispered, taking it in his hand.

"Is…Is that good?" Hannibal chuckled, almost nervously. The look on Will's face said yes - his eyes were almost sparkling with delight, his lips curved into a smile. Will leant forward, licking all the way from the base to the tip.

Definitely good.

Hannibal's cock pulsed and Will repeated his previous action. He wrapped his lips around the tip, suckling gently, precome dripping onto his tongue. *Holy shit.* Hannibal tasted amazing. He'd never met a man that could get quite so…wet. It was the most attractive thing ever. Will wasted no time in getting to it, bobbing his head, taking in as much as he possibly could.

The sounds coming from Hannibal were pornographic. He laced his fingers in the back of Will's curls, groaning and huffing as Will managed to take him deeper…and deeper. The

young man's mouth was warm and soft, massaging Hannibal's cock beautifully. When Will pushed his head down even more, his cute nose buried into Hannibal's pubic hair, the man simply couldn't hold it anymore.

" *Fuck…"* Hannibal hissed, his hips bucking as he fucked into Will's hot mouth. He would've asked…Or warned Will, but he simply couldn't do anything but moan. Hannibal continued to fuck Will's face with burning passion, watching as he drooled and gagged. Will seemed rather happy, moaning, touching his soft chest.

It didn't take long for Hannibal to come, flooding Will's throat. The young man moaned, swallowing every drop before pulling off. *A swallower.* Hannibal liked that. He liked Will's current appearance even more. His eyeshadow had smudged further, lips puffy and red from all the work…covered in spit and a drop of come. Will looked perfect.

"Jesus Christ…" Will giggled, voice slightly hoarse. "You have such a nice cock, Hannibal…" he purred, kissing the head, gazing up at the man. Hannibal kicked off his jeans and underwear fully, not saying another word as he leant down and scooped Will onto his arms.

"I'd like to return the favour…" Hannibal hummed as he carried Will to his bedroom, setting him down on the bed. It didn't have as many blankets as Will's, but it was still soft. Hannibal, despite his confident action, still looked rather shy. Perhaps it had been a while for him.

"Okay…but…I don't have a cock." The young man hummed, looking up at Hannibal. "I hope you don't mind that, Hannibal."

"Don't be ridiculous." Hannibal smiled, reaching to remove Will's black jeans. Tossing them onto the floor without a care in the world. He stared for a moment, blushing at the sight of Will's black thong. It wasn't particularly scandalous…but Hannibal found it arousing nonetheless. He removed the thin fabric with a feather light touch, stomach flipping at the sight.

Will was fully naked, all but his socks.

His body was perfect. All curves and milky skin. Hannibal wanted to tear him apart right there, but he wouldn't. Instead, he crawled onto the bed and positioned himself between Will's knees. "May I?" He whispered, kissing Will's thighs.

" *Yes. Please."* Will whimpered, legs spread wide.

Hannibal purred, slowly working his tongue up Will's cunt. His tongue swirled around the man's slightly swollen clit, sucking on the beaded flesh until Will moaned out. Will's toes curled against the sheets, hips bucking slightly as Hannibal continued to swirl and suckle.

Will was completely lost in it. His head fell back against the pillow as he draped his legs over Hannibal's shoulders. *Fuck.* Will could feel his legs begin to shake. Hannibal dipped his tongue inside, his licks becoming quicker, firmer. He knew exactly what to do and when to do it. It drove Will mad. He was shy, but *god* he knew how to use his mouth.

"That's so good…" Will mewled, rolling his hips, pushing the man's tongue deeper inside of himself. " *Thank god for trains!"* He giggled, looking down at Hannibal - who looked delighted to be there.

"Mmhm…" he hummed against the man's clit, sending vibrations through him. "Yes…You taste very good." Hannibal managed between licks and sucks. He continued like that for a moment or two, before slowly introducing a finger.

There was something about Hannibal's politeness that made Will moan even more. He was straight to the point. Not too vulgar. Not completely void of any sexuality. Will's back arched from the bed as Hannibal pushed in a finger, quickly followed by a second one. It was very rare that men knew to use both their fingers and mouth…but Hannibal…Hannibal didn't even have to be asked.

He moved them slowly to start with, his tongue giving Will's clit all the attention it deserved. Seeing the younger man come undone was wonderful for Hannibal. Almost as good as the blowjob…that he now wished he'd lasted longer for. Will continued to moan like a whore as Hannibal sped his fingers up, the obscene sounds of wetness and the scent of sex filling the room.

“Hannibal!” Will gasped, fingers lacing in the man’s hair, pulling at it. “Hannibal…I’m so close!” He almost cried, his heels digging into Hannibal’s shoulders. The man didn’t say anything, simply continuing with the task at hand. He moved his fingers faster, humming when Will’s cunt tightened and flexed around them.

Will held on for a few more seconds, riding the build as long as he could, before waves of pleasure came crashing down his body like never before. His legs shook and his mouth hung open in a loud cry. Will babbled, gasping and whimpered as Hannibal continued to finger fuck him through his orgasms.

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When Will calmed down, Hannibal removed his fingers. He had no shame in sucking them clean, smiling at Will.

“Was that good?” He asked, gently rubbing Will’s thighs before he moved, grabbing a sweater. He handed it to the boy, humming.

Will blinked and pulled it on, sitting up to do so. “No one’s done it quite so good before,” he giggled, making room for Hannibal to properly sit with him.

“Well…I suppose they’re missing out on giving you good orgasms. It’s very good for your health, actually.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Hannibal nodded, kissing Will softly. “Orgasm helps to clear the mind…” he whispered, their noses brushing together.

Will chuckled again, kissing Hannibal’s cheek. “I don’t want to leave…it might be too late to call a taxi.”

Fuck. Time had slipped away from them fully. Now, it was past midnight and no safe cab would be running around now. Hannibal smiled, “Well…you could always stay the night. I can sleep on the sofa.”

“No.” Will reached for Hannibal’s hand. “You can sleep here. We can sleep together, unless you don’t want to.”

“I’d like that. Let me get changed.” He got up, walking to his drawers to retrieve a clean pair of pyjama bottoms. He removed his button down and pulled them up, smiling to himself as he did so. The night had gone well. More than well. He hadn’t expected Will to come over… let alone to lick the boy's cunt.

Will watched as he toyed with the hem of Hannibal’s jumper. The man had such a strong frame…and an awfully cute butt. Will smiled, crawling under the sheets when Hannibal came back over to the bed.

“Tonight was great, Hannibal…” Will whispered, kissing his cheek as they both got comfortable.

“Yeah. It was.” Hannibal replied, pulling Will to his chest. He opened his mouth, going to speak again. However…Will had already fallen asleep against his chest, eyes closed and lips parted slightly. Hannibal chuckled, closing his eyes and quickly following suit.

End Notes

This work does have more than one chapter! So keep tuned

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